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Shores

~Lom Bachall Bard~
(mailto:je&#10

A man marooned on distant shore
Rests staring at the sea
That man looks out from distant shore
That man, it seems, is me

He's not marooned at all, you see
He's on this shore by choice
He picked this shoreline years ago
It calmed his inner voice

On long slow days, he'd walked this shore
He'd walked it to the end
Until he'd found his own footprints
His shore was an island

He'd come to know it's turns, and hills
The palm trees up above
He'd found the shore calls out to him
The waves reverbed with love

Then late one night he walked his shore
In the brightest full moon light
And gazing out to sea he viewed
The most amazing sight

There, in the distance, far away
Under the moonlight's bore
He spied what he could not believe
He saw...another shore!

For days he wandered on his beach
Thinking how to proceed
For a man with solid ground below
To think of elsewhere...greed?

He thought of crossing the great sea
To reach the distant shore
He thought of walking that shoreline
He thought of that, and more

He thought of the garden he had started
The flowers there had bloomed
He wondered would they survive alone

Or were they likely doomed?

He walked the distant shore, in thought
He felt the warm soft sand
He wondered then he wondered more
About that distant land

By that week's end, the man had thought
of all the possibilities
Sat on his shore, raised up his 'scope
And tried to view the "could be's "

To his surprise, through his glass
His vision had been racked
On that new shore, across the sea
Was someone looking back!

This shoreline had been his for years
His and only his alone
And for someone else to think of it
Had made his great heart groan

He realized the mistake that he had made
In looking beyond his own shore
Man is man, that's no excuse, but man
Should strive to be much more

In seeing the error in his thoughts
he offered up a loving poem
For all the "Friends" on distant shores
So far off, but not alone

Life will show you many wondrous things
If your vision is crystal clear
A world of shorelines to explore, but...
As for me...I'll stay right here.

And the Goddess above, in her joy had saved
Another without using fear
By helping that man to seen himself
The Goddess had held up her great mirror!

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